



# Life's Exits Pass Fast and Frequently



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## Chapter 1 by Halie Noble

Several times life permitted Halie with the way out, but for some reason she always missed the exit.

Her will to live or die was exhausted. Existing is how she found herself - something for other people's lives to experience, for bad or worse, and leave for the next person. Often immediately enamored by the nonchalant, she was taken by others as they saw fit and given nothing in return. Her bravado of pride so convincing, she often fooled herself until each night, alone or encumbered, her head hit the pillow as hard as the thoughts hit her head.

Like all of her unwanted advances, Halie welcomed the thoughts in while trying to shut herself out.

"It's fine," she would tell herself and the few others whom could still see the bleeding humanity threatening to surrender under the weight of an unsupported soul. "Just one more," she would tell the bartender threatening to cut her off. Both phrases, all knew to be lies.

The worst was when she ended up alone, sober in her own sheets. The discomfort of being "home" left her nauseous. The silence of being single so strange to her she wished for stranger's company.

It was in those rare hours of independence she had to fight hard to remain oblivious of herself. The ludicrous disregard for the decade-long life crisis she was in the midst of avoiding was only possible through substance abuse. When those or the money ran out, she couldn't outrun

herself.

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Her family, more specifically her mother, had been drinking not knowing the three suicide notes he had written. Under the influence of sobriety,

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Her friends had no idea anything was ever wrong - an exhausting feat that helped fill days undesired and years surrendered to placidity.

Her multiple shrinks praised her for awareness of others while remaining completely unaware of her.

The only person that knew how little Halie knew about being Halie, was herself. In opposite form of "I think therefore I am," when Halie was confronted with ideas pertaining to herself, the conclusion differentiated: "I think therefore I don't want to be."

When, after a lifetime of head shrinks, one pharma-funded psychiatrist suggested she may be unstable, Halie responded, "Who? Me or the person who fills my shoes and puts on an act every day?"

She was 20 years, five months and 17 days old. She was put on medication and told to take it the rest of her life. "I'll start that tomorrow," she promised no one...

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